

Soon to be given! "THE LOCKED HEART!" BY CORINNE CUSHMAN! A Brilliant English Society Love Story!

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No. 473



The man stepped into the room and closed the door softly behind him.

Gold Bullet Sport; OR, THE KNIGHTS OF THE OVERLAND.

BY HON. WM. F. CODY,
(BUFFALO BILL.)

CHAPTER IV.

A THIRD SURPRISE.
In a pleasant room of the Central City House a woman placed the lamp, and then stood rustling after her like the batters upon the beach.

The face was a picture, so beautiful as it was strong and sad; and the minuteness was a perfect beauty, before, for it seemed a trifle younger; but there were the same red-gold hair braided in heavy coils, the same black eyes with their sweeping lashes, the same pale brows, and ruby lips, white with even rows of small teeth, and the same perfect teeth.

Upon the hotel books the maiden was registered as Miss Violet Markham, of New York city, and she had told Judge Wolf that she had been brought up for the stage, both as a vocalist and actress, and had saved up a sum of money with which to prosecute a career for herself, said to be in the mines of Colorado, and who held a secret regarding her parentage which she wished to know.

When robbed by Captain Satan, she had been in despair; but now she had more gold than ever she had possessed before, owing to the generosity of the miners, and she was free to continue her search once more.

This was all that was known of the lovely singer, and other questions were asked her, for her face seemed a guarantee for her truthfulness; though, when it became known that a young miner had come into the hotel, he had a contribution, a diamond-studded likeness of the maiden herself, and that Dead Shot—or "Tarleton," as he was registered at the Central City House—had fainted away when he caught sight of her face, there were some who believed that she had a history that was in some way connected with her past.

Now, as she paced the room with graceful sweep, the brows were contracted in deep and painful thought, and the lips moved in low utterance:

"Strange—oh, so very strange! I cannot account for it, and this doubt as to who and what they are must be connected with my past."

"Hugh Lambert they call him—a young miner who works a claim in the mountains, has universal bad luck, and is as poor as poverty, they say; yet he had this miniature of myself, set in gold and studded with diamonds worth as much as that pile of gold you see."

"Where did he get it? and who can he be?"

"Hugh Lambert! I do not remember the name. And the other—Dead Shot they call him; the man who behaved so bravely, and beat off the attacks of the miners single-handed, and the most gallant-looking man and a gambler they say, though no one seems to know enough regarding him; he fainted dead away when he saw my face. Who can he be?"

"Tarleton is the name on the register, but that tells me nothing."

"I must see these two men, and know why it is

persona, though I would have sworn on the Bible she was dead."

"Who did you think it was, colonel?"

"It is none of your business, sir; her presence started me because I believed her in her grave. What does she call herself here?"

"Violet Markham."

"Ah! What is she doing here?"

"That is her business, Colonel Darke," quietly answered the girl.

"You refuse to tell, then?"

"Oh no, I really do not know more about her than she has herself told; she was robbed by that overland stage, Captain Satan and his gang, and the boys gave her a benefit, and a royal one-to-night, and never did I hear such voice since she has, and I heard Jenny Lind years ago."

"She was in one of the stages that arrived from Denver to-day, then?"

"Yes; she came over in the extra, whose driver was killed, and passengers robbed, she among the number."

"Strange, very strange; her face really startled me," said the colonel, musingly.

"And you are only the third man she has started to-night."

"How mean you, Wolf! You know I just came in from the Deadman's Mine."

"I was a young miner in the mountains, evidently one who has seen better days and is a gentleman, threw into the contribution basket at his mite, a jewel-studded miniature of Miss Markham herself, and then fled from the theater, then one of myself, Miss Markham, and another, who always have liked Dead Shot, on account of the way he laid out six of Captain Satan's band this morning, gave a loud cry and fainting in the theater, when he caught sight of the young lady; now you run for your life when you see me! You know all I can tell you, colonel, and doubtless more."

"Doubtless. Now, where is this young miner?"

"He bolted for the mountains, the boys say."

"And this Dead Shot?"

"He soon recovered from his swoon, and came to his room, and stayed awhile and just before you came in he went down to the X. 10. U. S. gambling saloon, for he asked me where he could try his fortune with the cards."

"He is a gambler, then, judge?"

"Doubtless, and a successful one, too, I should think."

"I will try my luck against his. Will you go down, judge?"

"Yes, I would like to see a game between you; he has any quantity of nerve, though he was upset by a woman's face, and you, colonel, are known as the most successful hand with the cards in Central City."

"Let me go down with you, and I'll be your assistant."

Sling Rum, a Heathen Chinese, the two men wended their steps toward the X. 10. U. S. gambling-hall.

CHAPTER V.

A MYSTERIOUS THREAT.

HARDLY had Judge Wolf and Colonel Darke passed out of the hotel, when a man's form was seen in the doorway—a form trembling, and a face white and haggard.

The name fell softly from the man's lips, but it reached the ears of the maiden, who glanced quickly up, beheld that trembling form, and white, haggard face so near her; she attempted to spring to her feet, endeavored to cry out, but strength and utterance failed her, and she slipped from the chair to the floor, wholly unconscious yet still grasping the miniature.

Now he seemed no longer the half-starved miner, for with giant stride he was by her side.

Dropping upon his knees he twined his arm about her waist and drew her to his broad breast an instant; then he seemed as though about to dash her to the floor in passionate fury; but, with strange inconsistency, checking his mad intention, he covered her lips with kisses.

Then with a bitter curse he threw her from him, and springing to his feet began to pace the floor

with quick, angry strides, while his brow became ominously dark and scowling.

"I am a fool; I forget she was false to me," and he gazed down upon the white face.

"You that were false to Lucifer, Vivian, and I almost regret that I did not slay thee, and spare him. Had I done so all these wretched years would not have been passed, for then I would have taken my own wretched life. Ha! ha! your white bosom is as soft as silk; and though the spirit had departed, and I tempted to lay my hand upon it, you now, for the bullet I aimed at him also found in you a target; it lodged in your fair neck, the papers said, and left a hideous scar."

He held the light so that its rays fell upon the neck.

"Good God! there is a scar! Her form, her face, ay, and her voice, and yet no scar where my cruel bullet cut its way! This is strange."

"But I must dream, for it can be none other. The scar has healed over. Ha! she revives, and if she sees me now, her cries will alarm the house. Here is where I seek, and he tore from the small hand the second floor."

Here all was darkness, excepting the faint light that came from the hall below; but, as though acquainted with his surroundings, he glided forward until he came to a door at the furthest end of the passage.

Halting, he drew a long breath, and laid his hand upon the door-knob.

"Fool, that I should tremble so! What is she to me now? Nothing! yet I risk life to come here and take from her that likeness which I madly throw away."

"But I will have it, cost what it may. She was pure when that was taken—pure as the snow falling upon the mountains, and now—"

Nervously he turned to the door, and the next moment glided out into the hallway, just as a wild cry burst from the lips of the woman, a cry such as Hugh Lambert had uttered three years before when he shot the one he loved best in the world.

Pausing not Hugh Lambert fled down the steps out into the keen wind and icy storm.

But here he halted, not continuing his onward flight right out into the City into the snow-drifts that lay along the mountain side.

The way to his lonely cabin in the hills was a difficult one by day; but now, when the storm howled relentlessly down from the lofty mountains, driving the snow in savage gusts before it, one would deem it utterly impossible for a man to find the road, or escape perishing in the cold.

But he struggled on with indomitable pluck, and though chilled to the very heart, kept up his rapid pace; in fact it was his only hope now to keep him from freezing to death.

On, on he staggered up the mountain-side, the snow driving in his face, and his beard and hair frozen fringe; yet he faltered not, though he failed to recognize any known landmark on the way to his cabin; but then the snow would hide all traces familiar, though he had passed through them a thousand times.

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Gold Bullet Sport confronted the Angel Quartette, his gold-mounted revolvers in each hand.

huge hairy arms of a monarch of the mountain—an immense grizzly bear.

Home to the hills went the keen blade—once, twice, thrice with lightning and thunder, and with the great roar of a tempest the feet of the struggling man and beast, and down, down, down fell the two until Hugh Lambert was lost in utter unconsciousness.

And the storm raged on for hours; the snow falling in masses; then the moon shone out clear and cold, lighting the dreary scene, but all trace of the short, fierce struggle was obliterated, and neither victor nor vanquished was visible.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TERRIBLE STAKE.

The X. 10 U. S. Saloon of Central City was certainly an institution in its way, and a spirited one to boot, for there was an extensive bar, behind which was a large room, where cards were easily and coolly thrown the ingredients of a cocktail into a glass; then the gambling tables, where every game of chance known in the calendar of dice fortune, could be indulged in, and over which the scenes of life and death, of wealth and poverty, were hourly played, with death coming at the winner over some unfortunate.

The bar and the gambling saloon were all in one large hall, and nightly was the place crowded with those who loved liquor for the excitement it would bring, and cards for the gold they might win—or lose.

The frequenters of this saloon with the very remarkable cognomen, were many of them characters of their peculiar way—men who gambled for love of the game, for love of gambling, men who were deep from the love of liquor, and others who were temperate from various causes—the principal one of which was that their tongues, untied by whisky, were wont to divulge strange secrets that had best be kept.

Others were there nightly, who squandered away the bright dust they dug by day, while many hoped to add to their laid up store a little more to hasten on the day of their return to their homes and their families.

Many bold and honest miners were steady workers, and visited the X. 10. U. S. merely pour pour le temps, for the long evenings hung heavily upon their hands, or rather minds.

Now, sir, and Colonel Darke raised his hand from the table and glanced over them; Dead Shot having already done so with his "hand," and the quiet smile never left his face.

"Any glass of brandy, Red; will you drink sir?"

"No, thank you, colonel," was the calm rejoinder of Dead Shot.

Red turned and brought a decanter of brandy and glasses, and the colonel filled the tumbler and dashed off the fiery liquor; then he repeated the drink, and shoved the bottle back to the bar-tender, who, since the beginning of the game had not been called on for his services except to top up the tumbler.

Now, sir, and Colonel Darke raised his hand again, and again a large class of desperate adventurers, whose heads, were the truth known about them, hung rewards for crimes committed, and who had saved their lives by flight, and were cursing their souls by adding deadlier deeds to the list of the past.

Such was the gathering there the night upon which Judge Wolf, the proprietor of the Central City House, and Colonel Darke, the owner of Deadman's Mine, entered the saloon.

With men well known to all present—the judge, a quiet, inoffensive man, avoiding trouble always, yet never shrinking the alternative if it were forced upon him; a man who kept a good hotel, pure liquors in his bar, and allowed no disturbances upon the premises; yet who was fond of cards and glasses and of cards, but states that they might.

The colonel, a man known to no one in and around Central City, that any one had found out, who had owned the Deadman's Mine about two years, having won't a card of cards, and staked his life against it.

It was said to be a paying "lead," but had received its name from the fact that several men who had owned it, had been found dead there, a pistol-shot in the forehead, to tell how they had died.

But the colonel had failed to it a few days after he arrived in Central City, offered to buy it, and the proprietor refusing to sell, he offered to gamble for its possession, a proposition the owner, a California Spaniard, at once accepted.

The colonel was on his feet in an instant, his hand under his coat, but the gold-mounted revolver of Dead Shot already looked him straight in the eyes, while the deep voice of the miner cried:

"None of your game, sir; I will mark you for life."

The pistol flashed suddenly, not five feet from the head of Colonel Darke, who staggered back as he felt a stinging pain in his ear, while the bullet went on and flattened itself against a marble statue behind the bar.

"You are not hurt, sir; I merely bored a hole through your left ear. I will take possession of my mine in the morning," and Dead Shot stepped to the bar, and added:

"Gentlemen, join me in a drink, please!"

All present, with one exception, ranged themselves in front of the bar; that exception was Colonel Darke, who, with a bitter curse upon his lips, had left the saloon.

"Stranger, you sent that bullet clean through the colonel's left ear; I see the hole myself," said Buckskin Ben, admiringly.

"I'll send you a bullet, friend," said Dead Shot,

and the drinks were dashed off with a gusto, while Red Turner hit the flattened bullet up over the bar, with this stinging announcement beneath, written in a very crooked hand, for a shot that had gone so straight to the mark:

"The gold bullet I boared her left hearer? Kur'nell Dark—shotched by Dead Shot the Gold Bullit Sport, in his last saloon."

"At his tree?" the crowd expected to see Dead Shot leave the saloon; but, on the contrary, he walked over to a distant table and sat down with Judge Wolf, who had taken a great fancy to the strange man, and there they seated in conversation for a long time, and admitted four well-known characters in Central City, and men feared as much as they disliked.

Nominally, they were miners, and they pretended to work a mine several miles from town; but when the law worked none knew, as they were frequently seen loading the streets, or gambling in the saloons.

They were called the Angel Quartette, on account, it was supposed, of their looks so wholly the opposite of what the world could imagine, and were exceedingly well together, the only recommendation they had.

Some said they were brothers, for they were all over six feet powerfully built, and heavily bearded, while others were "walking arsenals," in the way of being armed.

"If a row occurred, the Angel Quartette always "chipped in," as they expressed it, and they were a poor wretched had reason to know.

Their names, individually, were Jack, King, Queen and Ace—at least such they called themselves, and which was the trump of the four, none had been able to determine.

As they now entered the saloon, the crowd, as though by common consent, gave them room, and they ranged themselves before the bar, and calling for drinks, each one in turn treated the party all round, their favorite way of drinkin', and each time they changed their position of body, the party all round.

"Now we're ready for biz. That's a chap here as kin play keerdys tip-top, we larn'; trot 'im out, Red Head."

This was addressed to Red Turner, and the speaker was the one who called himself Jack.

"Thar's a few chaps hear, pard, as kin handle their papers—ter whom do you refer?"

As he spoke, Buckskin Ben stepped before the bar.

"I refers ter any man as isn't afeard ter put his dust up on a game o' keards. Is you then galoot as has just won ther Deadman's Mine?"

This was addressed to Red Turner, and the speaker was the one who called himself Jack.

"Raising his hat, he shook back the long waving hair that displayed his well-balanced head, and causing him, with a low bow, to look to almost boisterous though he was doubtless thirty."

His eye falling upon Dan Smith, as he glances over the room quietly, he motioned to him and his companion, who was none other than Buckskin Ben, to approach.

"Join me in a drink, gentlemen—ah! Judge Wolf will you and your friend also do me the honor?" and Dead Shot turned to the proprietor of the Central City House.

"With pleasure, sir; this is Colonel Darke, Mr. Tarleton."

The two men looked each other in the eyes, and there was something in the glance of each that caused those who saw it, to believe that they had met before.

The colonel started, and his usually pale face turned a shade paler, while a strange light flashed in his eyes, and Tarleton smiled, yet there was much in that smile.

"I am glad to meet Colonel Darke. What will you take, gentleman?"

The drinks were placed before the five men, and dashed off at a swallow, after which Colonel Darke said pleasantly:

"Not a gentleman, who are for a friendly game?"

"I will play with you, sir. I came here to white too well," said Dan Smith.

"And I will be excused to night," was the reply of Judge Wolf, "and my friend, Buckskin Ben here."

"Yes, they smacked a little dust out o' my ole clothes, but I allus has a savin's bank in another portion o' them garments; I hasn't broke, but I guess as how I won't chip in this night o' our Lord, Ann."

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tendance?" he exclaimed, clasping the doctor's hand in both of his.

"Yes," replied the doctor.

"And my poor friend—how have you found him?"

"A doomed man!"

"Ah! You shock me! It is not so bad—surely, it is not so bad!"

"He cannot live twenty-four hours. If he were a younger man or had led a different life, he might rally. But not he. His nervous force has been squandered. Now he will die for want of it."

"Mon Dieu!" I cannot tell you cause me! His child—ah! I think of her!"

"She is at his bedside. She is indeed to be pitied."

"And you have told her that she will be an orphan soon?"

"No, I dared not tell her. I thought it better to let the truth come to her by degrees, from her own observation."

"Ahi! the kindness of heart! You have my gratitude for your consideration for one whom I love, as dearly as if she were already my own."

Dr. Meredith started, flushed, then turned pale. He had never thought of M. de Calignay as a possible lover of Miriam; but as he looked at him now he saw that the disparity was not greater than that often seen between man and wife.

The Frenchman was on the summer side of forty, and unquestionably a fine-looking man, physically. Why should not she love and wed him?

Dr. Meredith recalled the look and tone of M. de Calignay when the latter offered him the glass of water after Miriam's fainting-fit. What had they meant? Proprietaryship!

The thought brought blended emotions to the doctor's heart.

First a sense of relief that Fate had taken out of his hands a question that was rapidly becoming a haunting torture to him. But it was a desperate sort of satisfaction, such as a criminal might feel on receiving sentence after a protracted trial in which suspense had become worse than certain death. And with this feeling came a dreary sense of desolation and loss.

"You wish to see your friends?" he asked, for he felt creeping over him a strong sense of aversion to the Frenchman which rendered the physical proximity painful. He ascribed this jealousy, and felt that it was unworthy; but it made him, and he knocked on the door and then opened it, so that M. de Calignay could not well prolong the conversation.

When the Frenchman had entered the room, a new feeling took possession of the doctor. He seemed to have abandoned Miriam to one who would not work her true weal. So with conflicting emotions Dr. Meredith tortured himself.

Meanwhile, the Curate had welcomed M. de Calignay, his false friend, with a smile.

"Ah!" was his reflection, "this is the protector of my child. Fate sent him just as I asked the question. I will take it as a good omen. And he has been so kind to us both he cannot deserve her now."

"My good friend, do I find you again stricken down? Alas! my brother, what have you done? Had you no thought of your child—our child? May I note call her so, since I love her tenderly?"

"I deserve your reproach, Calignay; and yet you are too kind to make it bitter," said the Curate. "Yes, I have been cruel to her—"

"Father, I cannot bear to hear you talk like this," sobbed Miriam.

"I see more clearly now, my child, and I cannot help reproaching myself. Hoping to gain all, I have denied you much that I should have given you. Now that all is lost, I have the bitterness of leaving you desolate and destitute."

"Not while I live, my good friend!" protested M. de Calignay, putting an arm protectively about Miriam. "When you are gone she becomes my care."

The girl rewarded him with a look of deep gratitude.

"Spoken like my generous friend!" cried the Curate, his eyes becoming humid. "Ah! Calignay, how can I repay you all I owe you? But you will believe that I meant to pay you every cent!"

"Can you speak of that at such a time?" cried M. de Calignay, apparently much hurt. "Ah! my friend, how little you have known me. Had I not loved you as I do, I would have done it all and more for Miriam's sake. But let us past go. We must look to the future."

"That is what pains me—to leave a young girl all unprotected to the world."

"Father! Father! Fathere!"

And with a final burst of grief Miriam clutched her father's hands, throwing herself on her knees at the bedside.

All the barriers of self-control were down, swept away by the mighty flood of an uncontrollable grief. The girl shivered with dread, and sobbed and moaned in a way that would have moved the sternest heart.

Dr. Meredith knocked on the door and entered the room.

"Come!" he said, taking her gently by the wrist. "You must go and calm yourself. You shall return as soon as you have regained self-control."

"No! no! no!" she cried, wildly. "He has died while I am away! Oh! father! father! father!"

With gentle force Dr. Meredith and M. de Calignay unclasped her fingers and bore her almost fainting from the room.

While Dr. Meredith set himself to soothe her, M. de Calignay returned to the Curate.

"Calignay," continued the gambler, picking up the thread of conversation where he had left off, "I cannot lose sight of the temptations that surround a young girl who is cursed with poverty. With all your kindness you cannot protect her as a father would. I have done so until now by excluding her from the outside world. And now if she were really married to one who would throw around her the protection of a home, I should die easier."

"Give her to me!" cried M. de Calignay, extending his arms impulsively.

"To you!" exclaimed the Curate, in surprise.

"Ah! my friend!" cried the Frenchman, seeming to be suddenly overwhelmed by a flood of emotion, "if you only knew how I have loved her—how I do love her! You have often expressed gratitude for little services I have rendered you from time to time. Shall I be frank?—it was because you were her father. When I came ostensibly to see you, I could feast my eyes on her loveliness and grace, and listen to the sound of her voice. My good friend, you know me—you know what I have to offer her. Not opulence, grandeur, ostentation; but a home at least will have every comfort, and enough of luxuries of life to make her envied by many. And she will be zealous of my eye! Ah! my friend, give her to me! As her husband I can hedge her round about; but only as her father's friend—ah! you know ze world!—my most tender care of her would be turned to poison!"

"There were tears in the Curate's eyes.

"Calignay," he said, "I have not words to express my feelings. If I could see her your wife, I should know that her future was assured. But are you sure that you let her her son—that it is not pity for her desolate condition?"

"My friend," interrupted the Frenchman, "her smile—ze touch of her hand is heaven to me! I have longed to speak to you of this, but I feared ze your hopes for her future would lead you to reject my suit. Now zat all is abandoned, and I can offer her a brighter future than she can hope for without me, I am bold to say—give her to me!"

"Alas! her future is blighted! With means at my command I might have wrested for her the fortune that is hers of right; but after my death the case is hopeless. She has no prospects save those your disinterested offer opens to her, and I wish it were carried into effect already."

"While I believe zat I am not repugnant to her, I cannot hope to fill her romantic ideal, which shall have ten or a dozen years ze advantage of me," said the Frenchman. "For zis

reason she cannot have looked upon me as a lover. But she has confidence in your love and will yield to your judgment as to what is for her real well-being. If you put it as your dying wish to see us united, she cannot refuse; and she will have my care before your hold upon her relaxes."

"Calignay, it shall be so. Bring her to me. I will secure her consent, and the marriage can take place before I die."

"It will be very abrupt. Let her be surrounded by her friends. As yet Mile. Leoline knows nothing of your misfortune. I will fetch her. It will make it easier for ze dear child. Ah! my brother, sad as I am over ze irreparable loss which I feel is impending, zero is music in my soul! Am I selfish? Do I love her less?"

"No! no! Calignay. I would not have it otherwise. I am glad that my child brings you happiness. In return you will give her peace and security."

A tear fell from the Frenchman's eyes upon the Curate's head as he pressed it to his lips.

Alas! poor Miriam!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 469.)

LET IT PASS.

Be not swift to take offense;

Let it pass!

Brood not quickly o'er a wrong;

Which will disappear ere long;

Rather sing this cheery song;

Let it pass!

Strife corrodes the purest mind;

Let it pass!

As the unregarded wind,

Let it pass!

And vulgar souls that live

May condemn without reprove;

Tis the noble who forgive.

Let it pass!

Echo not an angry word;

Let it pass!

Think how often you have err'd;

Let it pass!

Since our joys must pass away

Like the dew on the spray;

Wherefore should our sorrows stay?

Let it pass!

Let it pass!

If for good you're taken ill,

Let it pass!

Oh! be kind and gentle still;

Let it pass!

Time at last makes all things straight;

Let it pass!

And our triumph shall be great;

Let it pass!

Bid your anger to depart,

Let it pass!

Lay these homely words to heart,

Let it pass!"

Follow not the giddy throng;

Better to be wronged than wrong;

Therefore sing this cheery song;

Let it pass!

Let it pass!

It is well to be kind and gentle still;

Let it pass!

Time at last makes all things straight;

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Sunshine Papers.

The Other Side of the Question.

"WE want to hear the other side of the question!" say several gentlemen who have read the answers to the feminine inquiries: "How shall we get a beau?" and "How shall we keep him?" as interestingly as if they were of another sex. "Surely you have some advice for us."

Indeed I have, gentle sirs! Do you suppose I could listen to you discussing matrimony and its fair candidates with all the philosophy, fastidiousness and satire common to men who have never found themselves at Cupid's mercy, and picking your lady acquaintances in pieces with an uncharitableness that would have done credit to the reputation of women, without a desire to give you a piece of my mind upon the subject?

When did you discuss matrimony and young ladies? And what did you say? you demand.

Such questions are just like a man! Of course you have quite forgotten all the complimentary sentences you passed upon this feminine acquaintance and that! But do not let that worry you! My memory is not quite so conveniently short, and it does not trouble me in the least, to recall to your mind that you said Miss A. did not know much, Miss B. was forward, Miss C. was awkward, Miss D. too awfully homely! And, possibly, you begin to recollect, now, that you condemned Miss E. as a flirt; frowned at the mention of Miss Fanny's name because she is independent; raised at Miss Gertrude for being on the look-out for a husband; abhorred Miss Helen for liking gentlemen's society; despised Miss Ida as you had heard she worked for a living; did not approve of Miss Julia who lacked intellectuality; and so through the entire alphabetical list of your female marriageable friends found objects worthy only of your satire, disdain or denunciation.

And who are you, pray let me ask, that you should be so hypocritical regarding the ladies who enjoy the extreme felicity of an acquaintance with you? Are you thoroughly educated, retiring, graceful and handsome? Do you never flirt? Are you not independent? Have you not thought about getting a wife? Do you care nothing for ladies' society? Are you not working for a living? Is your intellect a peculiarly brilliant one? And if you are not the paragon that you desire the lady to be concerning whom alone you can entertain any ideas of matrimony, by what right do you demand such perfections in her?

That is one thing that I have to say upon the "other side of the question," to the young men who are looking about them for wives, that no man has a right to claim of the woman he asks to marry him, what he cannot give—what he will not give!

And I assure you, my dear sirs, I believe the average young woman of to-day is quite good enough for the average young man. You think you can commit all manner of small sins, and indulge in all manner of pleasant vices with impunity, and still deserve only the love of refined, intelligent, lovely, gentle girl; and, indeed, that such ought to feel honored by your preference, and quite jump at the chance to throw herself at your feet.

But, you are mistaken! It is the old nonsense that "What's folly in a man is guilt in woman!" that underlies this careless regard in which men hold the majority of young ladies, deeming that, however imperfect their own lives, the lives of the women they marry must coincide with a certain sentimental masculine idea of irreproachability. What's folly in a man is folly in a woman—nothing more. What's guilt in a woman is of equal guilt in a

man. There is no sex in sin, or folly or deceit.

Physically, mentally, and morally, men and women are equals before God. And in choosing a wife a man has no right to demand any good beyond what he himself can bestow, though as a suitor he may sue for the love of any woman who encourages him to such a test of fate. If he is well educated he is quite right in saying that the ignorant will do for his wife; but he must not condemn her as ignorant until he has real proofs of it, nor must he prove it upon the basis that she knows nothing of that in which his education almost entirely consists; since, if he has studied medicine, while she will be quite likely to know very little upon that subject, she may be much his superior in some other branch of learning or usefulness. If he has always been quiet and careful of speech, modest of manner, and retiring in disposition, he has the moral right to say, that "Miss B." who is "forward" is not a proper woman to become his wife. Not that there is much danger of Miss B. suffering from a shower of missiles projected by her masculine acquaintances who "dare cast the first stone." If he is a model of grace it is quite natural, if rather hard, that he should condemn the next candidate for her awkwardness. While, if he is handsome, he may be excused for desiring to overlook "Miss D." who is awfully homely. If he has never flirted it is thoroughly consistent for him to refuse to marry a girl who has been thus guilty. If he is weak, vacillating, self-distrustful, cowardly, it can scarcely be supposed that he would care to marry "independent Miss Fanny." If he, verdant and innocent, unmeaning, unsuspecting, finds himself hopelessly in love, let us hope it is not with reprehensible "Miss Gertrude," who has been "on the look-out for a husband." If he lives on his father's money, his contempt for a young lady so immensely his superior as to earn her own living can be justly appreciated! If he has a brilliant intellect, he would indeed be a foolish young man to unite himself for life to a woman incapable of appreciating it. If he cares nothing for ladies' society, it would be eminently fitting for him to find and marry a woman who cares nothing for gentlemen's society. What a happy couple they would be!

Indeed, I really should sorrow for the many young men anxiously seeking wives without ever having seen a lady quite good enough to fill that honorable position, did not I know that when once the little blind god directs his shafts their way they will become hopelessly forgetful of all their fine ideals. A man thoroughly in love is an utterly irresponsible creature; and though he is not apt to remain long enough to commit some folly—usually the marrying of a young lady the exact opposite of any his friends would have selected for him, and the exact opposite of that phenomenally perfect woman he had always avered he could alone make Mrs. —————!

PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

NEVER SAY DIE.

OVER and over again, day after day, in year and year out, do we have to listen to the same complaint: "I am thoroughly disheartened and discouraged and I might just as well give up at once for I meet with nothing but failures; and the more I strive the less do I succeed."

Now, that is all wrong in two ways: first, the remark is scarcely ever a true one—too much exaggeration in it; secondly, it is far from right to let discouragements have a bad effect on us or make us such an expression as the foregoing one.

Now, one might just as well give up at once without making further efforts. Did you ever stop to think, you, who get discouraged so easily, of the hardships, trials and discouragements the early settlers in this land, we now inhabit, met with? Scarcey had they procured a humble little home of their own when the Indians raided on it and left it but blackened ruins; but these settlers were workers, not whiners, and labored to build and plant again. And the wives of the settlers, did they not have enough to endure, to test their courage, to fill them with fear? History will tell you that woman—though you may think it an unwomanly trait—fought as hard in defense of their homes as ever man did.

Did you never hear of the young woman who rushed by a party of Indians with her apron full of powder to give to the men at the fort when the town of Wheeling was attacked? When reminded that a man would have the advantage over her in strength and swiftness, she answered: "The loss of a woman will be less felt." It seems to me the loss of such a woman must have been felt in those days of trouble. There were brave and heroic women in the old times; they were never "thoroughly disheartened and discouraged."

Ah, those early settlers and pioneers could teach us many a lesson in perseverance, courage and hope. "Never give up" seemed to be a motto they carried into practice in their daily lives, and were they not better and stronger-hearted for so doing? In captivity were they not always looking forward to escape or rescue? This very hope kept them from feeling their sorrows too keenly; it cheered them in their dark hours, and, by looking above for Divine help, showed that they had faith and acted up to it.

Precious little good it would have done them to have given up in despair and "growled" away the time. Courage kept the hearts and spirits up, and they were always looking forward to the bright and sunny side of life for them again.

And what are some of our trials, at the worst, when we compare them with those of others! Did you ever think of the thousands who are compelled to toil day after day, in summer's heat and winter's cold, for a mere pittance, scarcely earning enough to keep soul and body together and yet who struggle bravely on and do not sit down by the wayside complaining at what they cannot help?

You say you wouldn't work for that pittance? Suppose you were obliged to? "Even then you wouldn't!" What nonsense! Better that than starve. "You'd starve first." I'm afraid you'd have to, if you won't work. Starving is not so pleasant a sensation as you may imagine. Better work than starve. It may seem very romantic to starve; you may think it sounds quite heroic for you to say you prefer starvation to working for a small salary; but my ears it sounds foolish and wicked. It is work that ennobles one, not idleness.

And matters might be worse—yes, ten times worse—with some of us; and, even were they so to be, they would give us no excuse for finding fault with our situation, or for wasting our time in useless repining or moaning at what cannot be helped. Instead of endeavoring to make our condition worse, let us strive to make it better and we can do so by sticking to the plucky, honorable, noble motto—"Never Say Die."

EVE LAWLESS.

man. There is no sex in sin, or folly or deceit.

Footscap Papers.

Some Notes for Money.

"Lend me half a dollar."—SHAKESPEARE.

MONEY! What a delicious theme! How pleasant to allow your imagination to run off with a dollar or two, if you haven't got any yourself! Money! I love to write the word, and sit back and look at it in all its glory, even though in bad handwriting. Money moves the world; even the want of it moves people out of houses when they can't pay rent. How the inhabitants of this earth will struggle for its possession! Some will even go so far as to work for it—work for it. There are 450,000 young poets in the United States who would almost be induced to sit down and write an ode to spring for the miserable pittance of a dollar a line. Some people will marry for it. I would do it myself. Soldiers will go to war and get shot at the rate of thirteen dollars a month. I would never do that, I'd be shot if I do. Lead is no precious metal.

It is even occasionally rumored around town that men's wives sometimes ask them for money, but as the rumor generally comes from the husband in question, these insinuations ought not to be credited. Turn deaf ear as the husbands did.

Money is used for the good of mankind to pay Congressmen, and to pay boa-exuse me, I came near saying to pay board bills.

It is the great lever of the world—it beats all other things for leaving that I know of. It is the root of all evil, and you are considerate enough to use it in squaring up your debts then you make it the square root of all evil. It is as hard to hold as—a as a little piece of soap in a big hotel. It is the test of friendship, always the golden link that connects friend with friend. It is trash, besides it is handy, and no true friend should ever be without it—no friend of mine. The man without it has got into the wrong world, and he had better move out. For borrowing purposes it is extremely useful, and supplies a long-felt want—a good many long-felt wants, I may say. Preachers sometimes are almost tempted to go where they can get the most of it. Humorous writers are known to forget their dignity so far as to carry a little of it occasionally in their pockets—for what purposes no one has ever been able to explain, although I have asked a good many tailors, restaurant-keepers and washwomen. Even county treasurers have sometimes been found to have a little of it in their possession.

The universe question which is heard every day, and too often entirely all over the world, starting the inhabitants thereof, is: Have you got any money to-day?

The divine use of pockets is solely to contain money. I have got the pockets, I am very glad to say.

Money makes the mare go, but ah, when you bet on the wrong horse you have found out that if you ain't careful the mare makes the money go.

Somelks say money is a great care. The little money I ever had was never the least particle of annoyance to me; it was always the money which I didn't have that gave me the greatest trouble.

Money is like your wife; you never rate her so much as after she is gone—→ to Newport or Long Branch, or to visit her mother.

It is one of the very strongest ties that bind a young man to home, and if there is plenty of it around the domestic circle he will be content never to leave it. It is the widow's mite, and though he is not apt to remain long enough to commit some folly—usually the marrying of a young lady the exact opposite of any his friends would have selected for him, and the exact opposite of that phenomenally perfect woman he had always avered he could alone make Mrs. —————!

Now do the little busy chink fill up all the little chinks of necessity in life! With it you can pay what you owe, that is, if you are anyways desirous to be made to Oh for what you pay. It sometimes makes a man a millionaire. A man may be worth thousands while his respectability may be bankrupt, but money brings respect, and, in fact, is itself a great respecter of persons, as I am very sorry to be well able to say; but the wheel of Fortune is constantly turning, and to-day we are down while tomorrow we are not up, and that's about the way it goes.

There is no use for a man to act the part in regard to the accumulation of money and wish to have all there is. You should only struggle to get as much as you want, for as much as you want in all cases is better than to have more than you want, and I wish I could drill it into the minds of people that they would find it a great pleasure in having just enough.

The currency of the United States is glorious; you see, ten cents make a dime, ten dimes a dollar, ten dollars an eagle; see how fast it doubles up, and at that rate how long would it take you to get rich, provided you don't make it a habit of throwing pennies into the contribution-plate on Sundays? But, alas, how soon the glories independent eagle flies away! and his shriek is dollar-sound. The best way if you get any money is to wallet up securely for purse-use. Aspire to be a coin-collector—a collector of rare and valuable coins, say 25 to 50-dollar gold pieces, as they are as valuable as any that I think of, but don't get into the habit of despising paltry little five or ten-dollar bills, and kicking them out of your way when you see them in the street. It is mean and low, and should be discouraged. If anybody runs after you to pay you a debt, it is very reprehensible to allow him to chase you as hard as he can run all around town and corner you in your cellar before you will accept it. It's all very wrong, very wrong.

The gentleman who invented money has long since gone, with the last dollar he had, but he deserves to have a money-mem (whoever he was) placed at his grave, (wherever that is) and I propose to see that it is done. Subscriptions for the purpose will be gratefully received by the undersigned. Let us all join in and shell out and honor his memory. Drop a tear and a five-dollar bill, and in your dreams you will be rich. Gravely,

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

FROM a wide-awake correspondent we have the following:

Why is a popular contributor to the STAR JOURNAL much subjected to pain? Because isn't he always Aiken?

Why may another be said to resemble a chancier? She is always a Crou-well.

What one may be said to avoid the omnibus expenses of his wife, and why? He who can Wheel'er.

What author may unjustly be supposed to be a sleuth? Badger.

What author should be a librarian? Reid.

What man admonishes? Warne.

What author may be said to ever be in a floury state? In-graham.

What author may be esteemed by the ladies as a dear (deer) Star-bruck.

Topics of the Time.

The Empress Eugenie is said to have lost all her animation of manner and to be singularly cold and quiet.

Queen Victoria will leave London at the end of March. She will rest one night at the British Embassy in Paris and proceed thence to the Italian Lakes, where she will be met by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who will then be on their wedding tour. Thence she goes to Germany. Prince Amadeus, Duke Aosta and ex-King of Spain, will meet Queen Victoria at the Italian frontier. The King will visit her at Lake Maggiore.

A Hartford dog has died of a broken heart. It was a fine setter and loved its master. One day last November while they were hunting for muskrats, the young man fell into North Meadow Creek and was drowned. The dog went home, acted strangely, ran back and forth, and finally induced a neighbor to go to the creek where the body lay. From that time the dog's health declined. It grew thin, and finally died.

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CONSTANT READER. Dissolve gum Arabic in warm or cold water. Your writing is very good.

KENT. Write freely to the gentleman. If he is earnest to serve you let him know your wishes fully. A truly friend in such matters is to be coveted.

BOWIE. The chewing gum of commerce is not made on compounded as you seem to infer, but is the natural product of the tree, balsam or gum tree, which is a kind of resinous wood.

WILL M. Six dollars a week for a printer is low wages if you are efficient and trusty. A fair typewriter, with an ordinary "sit," ought to earn ten dollars per week. Don't throw up a certainty, however, for an uncertain future.

ASSISTANT. No position, however lowly, is "humiliating." Use your opportunities wisely. What you do, do as to please. Be cheerful, always ready for service, and you'll surely win your way to better circumstances.

H. K. M. Twice a week would be enough for health. Too much of such bathing is debilitating. Just enough is very invigorating. Go to rest immediately after a bath, and take a draught of medicine to develop strength and physical beauty.

READERS. We know nothing about the advertised piano, but presume it is

THE SONG OF DEATH.

BY WM. W. LONG.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers wither in the North wind's breath;
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh, Death!

—HEMANS.

I am the Reaper King of earth!
They crowned me long ago!
When the world was new and young,
With its first sad wail of woe.
I stand at the bridal bed;
And at the marriage bed;
I march o'er the earth in power and might—
Who will resist my tread?

Where the soldier his watch is keeping,
In the lone hours of the night,
And the stars are bright;
I have silenced both in my might.
I have stood in the halls of pleasure,
When the festive bowl went round.
But e'en the morning star came forth,
Their mirth in woe was crowned.

Man hath shaken the earth with power,
And won a wreath of fame,
But I laid my hand upon his brow,
And now where is his name?
Love sat beneath the vine-clad bower,
With Beauty as I passed;

I smiled upon them in my might,
And they sank to earth's chill breast.

I have heard the wild winds blowing,
Thro' the fields and woods away—
I have seen earth's children weeping,
And the world turn away.
Where in my birth I came from,
No one on earth can say—
Where my feet the earth doth press,
Mortals shudder—turn away.

How They Went Home.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

MARIAN FIELD stopped a moment at Burnham and Burnham's window and her lovely blue eyes looked all the admiration she felt at sight of the tempting display of velvets and silks, laces and ribbons, satins and all, the hundred and one accessories of a lady's toilet. All the admiration, and a little—just a little purely feminine envy, and then she turned her face away, to the quiet, plain, elderly lady who had stopped a moment, waiting for her.

"Oh, Annie, how exquisite everything is! I wonder if it is awfully wicked in me to wish we were rich, and to hate Meredith Alwyn because we are not? Let's hurry away, before I become perfectly savage."

Her sweet, girlish laugh rippled out on the quiet evening air—a laugh that had just a tinge of bitterness mixed with its silver sweetness, and a gentleman who was accidentally passing at the moment, looked to see Marian's lovely face, with her blue eyes, and fair complexion, to which the crisp December air had lent a delicate pink tinge, and bright golden hair that was lightly fluffy over her forehead, and looking coquettishly becoming as it escaped from the pale-blue zephyr hood she wore, with the most passing glance he had, but enough to show him the surpassing loveliness of Marian and the quiet well-bredness of both Marian and her sister.

And then as they passed further away into the dusk of the night, he went into a quiet little drug store, next Burnham and Burnham's brilliantly illumined show-windows—interested into inquiring of the pleasant-faced lad, who, standing at the door had heard and seen the ladies.

The lad went briskly around to his post behind the counter at his customer's entrance.

"I want some postage-stamps and cigars, my boy—I believe that was what I wanted, at least, until the sight of that lovely girl that just now passed drove it from my head. Who were they, do you know? I'll take a half dozen of those Reina Victorias—yes."

The drug clerk promptly selected the choicest cigars, talking pleasantly the while.

"You must mean Miss Field and Miss Marian; they just went by. Miss Marian is called the prettiest girl hereabouts. I think so."

The gentleman smiled at the young fellow's enthusiasm.

"I quite agree with you; I think I never saw a more perfect face. Field—I think I've heard the name before. How great is the extent of my ill-luck!"

"A dollar, just. And there's such a romance connected with them," the clerk went on, dealing out the change for the five, his godsend of a customer had laid on the show-case.

"A romance? Indeed! Ah, yes, thank you, I will take a light. But the romance?"

"Why, to-day they are as poor as—oh, so poor they have to earn their own living, while six months ago they were the heiresses to the Deaconwoode estate—perhaps you know where that is? Unless you are a stranger."

"I certainly am a total stranger, but I have heard of the great Deaconwoode estate; it's worth a million dollars, more or less, I've been told. And those ladies were the heiresses?"

"Yes, sir—from the time when they were born and brought up on the place—and not until all of a sudden, was it discovered that there was somebody who had a better claim on it than—they—first nephew to old Mr. Field, and these young ladies were second nieces—and so, the lawyers made a row about it, and Miss Field and Miss Marian walked out as patient and proud and smiling as ever, and took up their quarters down-town, and earn their little salary that wouldn't buy the toilet-water there used to order here, of a year."

"Quite a remarkable experience for two young ladies, and you have had it well. It really is a pity—yes, thanks, one, two, four—all right. A fine night!" And Mr. Meredith Alwyn nodded to his diffuse young friend, and took himself slowly, thoughtfully up the street, that led directly to the magnificent estate of Deaconwoode.

"Beggars—those splendid women—that lovely-voiced, sapphire-eyed girl, fit to sit on the grandest throne under heaven! Beggars—through my acceptance of uncle Cyril Field's legacy! Why didn't somebody tell me the atrocity of such wholesale rascality? Is it fate, I wonder, that threw them directly in my path, almost the hour of my arrival in this strange place whether I had come to see my new acquaintances? And how shall I see them again?"

"Will we do it? Why Annie, of course we will do it! It would be a direct flying in the face of Providence to refuse such a godsend. It won't be any trouble for dear old Elsie to cook for one more, and that big empty room that looks out on the chimneys of Deaconwoode—we will never use that room, Annie. And only twelve dollars a week! It will tide us through the winter so comfortably."

Marian Field's eyes were shining like blue stars as she talked eagerly and rapidly to her staid elderly sister, sitting on the sunny east window, tying the ends of the threads of the silk handkerchief, she had finished hemming—an immense pile, shimmering like fragments of rainbows against her dark dress.

"But—dear—the idea of our having—a boarder—and—a gentleman boarder at that! If it was a lady, now—"

Marian laughed.

"You dear, proud old darling! Why shouldn't we have a gentleman boarder as well as anybody else—and just the handsomest man you ever saw, Annie! And, *entre nous, ma sœur*, if it was a lady who had applied to us, I wouldn't think of it—such fussing, criticising creatures as we are. But, give a man plenty of good things to eat, and if he pays twelve dollars he is entitled to the very best of the market, and Elsie's specimens of Deaconwoode cooking, and a cosy, warm, well-lighted place to enjoy his slippers and cigars, and it is all he wants to make him a happy animal."

Miss Field smiled, amused in spite of herself, yet there was a reluctant look in her eyes as she looked in Marian's bright, hopeful face.

"You must do as you think best, dear. I dare say it will be all right."

And so it came to pass that Mr. Meredith Alwyn took possession of the room in the Field sisters' cottage, that looked out on the chimneys and turrets and towers of Deaconwoode—took possession as their twelve dollar a week boarder, and gave his name as Curtis, and in course of time very naturally came to be on the most excellent terms with them, until one day, Miss Field, in a particularly confidential mood, told him all about the romance of their lives; how, until so lately, they had lived their life of elegance and ease at Deaconwoode, and how the prospect of their future had faded as completely and suddenly as a beautiful dream.

"Whoever this usurping heir is, he must be a double-dyed rascal—selfish to the heart's core—to have defrauded you so."

Mr. Curtis seemed remarkably emphatic in his denunciations.

"Oh, I would not like to think that," Miss Field said, in her gentle, womanly way, "because he certainly had a right to it, and I dare say he was delighted at his good fortune, and surely he ought to enjoy it."

"I don't know about that, Miss Field. I think it simply inhuman for any man to turn two delicately bred women out of their home of elegance and ease, as this villain has turned you out. Perhaps he did not know, but he should have been told, and he certainly should at least have been divided."

Miss Field smiled.

"But people don't often be so generous, Mr. Curtis, for Marian's sake it would be pleasant; but I don't know. The discipline of adversity and the necessity for effort are making a grand woman of her, while I must confess I rather shrink in distaste."

An hour or so later he and Marian went out for a little stroll—they had fallen into that habit

A Fair Face;
OR,
GUY FENTON'S ESPIONAGE.

BY ELEANOR BLAINE.

CHAPTER I.

GUY FENTON.

A BRIGHT, clear, sunny afternoon melting into twilight—that was the time; and the scene was Albemarle Villa, half-hidden by tall, clustering beeches.

Two ladies standing at a window, waiting for an expected guest.

Guy Fenton arrived late, just before dinner; and after hastily changing his dress he entered the drawing-room where Mr. Arnsdale, the owner, stood, awaiting his appearance.

"Very glad to see you, Guy," he said, advancing with a smile. "Very glad you've come up to this dreary place again."

"Thanks, uncle; there's nothing gives me more pleasure than to throw aside my law-briefs and take a trip to quiet little Albemarle."

"You look a little worn out, Guy. Is business brisk?"

"Well, yes; just now our court calendar is pretty well crowded."

"Here are the ladies!"

The door opened and Laura Arnsdale and Miss Evelyn, her governess, came in.

Guy Fenton turned round from the window. His glance fell on the governess. He saw a plain dress, but a wonderfully beautiful girl, and he made way for her as for a princess. There is an impulse, not of admiration simply, but of respect in our first sight of a beautiful woman; because we intuitively reverence

"From some of your acquaintances, I suppose?"

"No, some people that live in Madison Avenue, I think. They were out of town at the time, and I didn't take the trouble to hunt them up."

"She's quite young—not much older than Laura, I should say."

"Yes. She's more of a companion than an instructress to Laura."

Finishing his wine and leaving his uncle to enjoy a quiet nap, Guy Fenton went out to smoke his cigar and take a look about the place, for he had not been at Albemarle for the space of five months.

The low evening sun shone up from the western horizon, and flooded the air with splendor.

From glittering ivy, from thickets, from the discolored foliage of lofty boughs, the birds sung out their vesper lays and glorified the coming hour of rest.

Guy Fenton was a man of refined taste and endowed with a sense of the beautiful, and these scenes, enchanted by the twilight hour, thrilled him.

"How can they call this place dreary?" he said, looking down at the river whose surface was unruffled and reflected every object near, like a polished mirror. "If I only possessed such a home and had such a woman for a—"

The rest of this sentence was cut short by the appearance of Laura and Isabelle Evelyn, who came out of a little summer house near by.

"Oh! here is Guy," exclaimed Laura. "Come sir, you were going to play truant and we want you to go to the boatman this evening. We want to sail, do we not, Belle?"

Miss Evelyn smiled an assent.

"I am at your service with pleasure," replied Guy, throwing away the end of his cigar.

"A beautiful evening, Miss Evelyn!"

"Quite charming for a ride on the river," she murmured, in a low, musical tone.

opening of this story, and make acquaintance with one of our characters, as he sits in a boat floating in the East river, off the Battery.

There was a drizzling rain, and it was so dark that no object could be seen twenty feet ahead.

The man sat quietly in the stern, directing the course of the boat with an oar, as the tide impelled it along. Now and then the shadowy bulk of some vessel with its ghostly sails would start up very near him, pass on and vanish. The sound of steam-paddles, the clinking of iron chains, the creaking of blocks, the measured working of oars, and the occasional violent barking of some passing dog on shipboard would come to his listening.

Approaching the channel, near Governor's Island, where the current sets out strong toward the sea, he pulled in the oar and, bending over, lifted with all his strength the body of a man from the bottom of the boat onto the gunwale. There was an indentation over the insensible man's left temple out of which the blood was oozing and trickling down his face.

The man paused for a moment as if to recover his breath, and then again leaning over he carefully examined the face before him.

"It must be he!" he muttered; "I can't have made a mistake—though the face looks a little too old for his."

With these words he let the body slide noiselessly over the side into the water. The ripples spread over the glassy face for a moment, dreadfully pale. His faint changes of expression—then it sunk out of sight.

"This tide will take him through the Narrows before morning," he said.

"It's a loud rap with his knuckles."

"Come sir, you are the boatman this evening."

"I am at your service with pleasure," replied Guy, throwing away the end of his cigar.

"I am at your service with pleasure," repeated Guy.

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Laura had wandered some distance ahead, paying no attention whatever to those behind them. "You haven't said yet that you were glad to see me, Laura," said Guy.

"But you know I am glad, Guy."

"It is a very well for you to say so, if you didn't laugh when you say it."

"Well, I'm laughing!" and the pretty girl leaned lightly on his arm. "I wasn't conscious of it."

Isabelle Evelyn stood before him.

He awoke suddenly with a cry, and just then a sharp, light knock sounded on the library door. He was bewildered for a moment, then said, "Come in."

And in obedience to his invitation, the handle was turned, and the door gently opened.

"Good God! is it you?" said Mr. Arnsdale, in a wild whisper.

Isabelle Evelyn stood before him.

(To be continued.)

WITH CLEAVER VISION.

BY CAROLINA BERRY.

I saw to night the man I loved
Three little years ago.
I did not think so short a time
Could change a mortal so!

There were none like him in those days,
So strong, so true, so wise;
He had a lofty, marble brow,
And tender, soulful eyes.

A voice of music; hair by which
The raven's wing would seem
But pale indeed; a face and form
To haunt the sculptor's dream.

But when I looked at him to night,
I saw no single trace
Of the old glory; only just
A very human face.

No man like him, no mortal life,
His face was round and sleek—
That once to my love-haunted eyes
Was so intensely Greek.

I know full well he has not changed
So very much. Ah, me!
But I was blind in those dear days.
And now, alas! I see.

'Tis very dreadful to be blind,
Of course, and yet to-night
I should be happier, far, if I
Had not received my sight.

One little thought will trouble me—
I only wish I knew
Whether he is still is blind, or if
His eyes are open, too.

The Fresh of Frisco;

OR,

The Heiress of Buenaventura.

A Story of Southern California.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOLF-DEMON," "INJUN DICK,"
"THE POLICE SPY," "THE WITCHES OF NEW
YORK," "THE CHILD OF THE SAVANNA,"
"PRETTY MISS NELL," "THE MAN
FROM TEXAS," "ACE OF SPADES"
"OWLS OF NEW YORK,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A BATTLE ROYAL.

So suddenly did the sport arise from his place of concealment that for a moment the astonished men gazed upon him with wonder-stricken eyes, as if he had been an airy spirit from another world, rather than the bold mortal of solid flesh and blood which he was.

Blake was dressed exactly the same as he had been when he had first made his appearance in the mining camp, no sign of arms or traces of hostile intent, but he rose as quietly and faced the well-armed band, who were evidently on blood and slaughter bent, as calmly as though there were no bad blood between himself and the despoiled men of Tejon Camp.

No sign of arms the sport displayed, we say, among the band of the invaders, the band noted this fact at the first glance, but Blake was no stranger to them now, and they all understood that the man of ice and iron never was more dangerous than when he smiled and appeared harmless.

"Halt!" he cried, as he rose in view.

And the promptitude with which the advancing band stopped, rooted as it were in their places, when the command reached their ears, was something wonderful.

"How are ye, alcalde?" Blake continued. "I feel quite delighted at seeing you so near my home."

"I really had not been making conjectures on the subject," Guy replied, "but I have come to inquire about your letters—some instructions. She's your secretary, isn't she?"

"My letters—yes, she writes them sometimes. You both thought, of course, that I was still away," said Mr. Arnsdale, fixing his eyes upon his nephew and speaking in a measured way.

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"I really had not been making conjectures on the subject," Guy replied, "but I

knew his life was at stake—he had been taught something in swordsmanship.

"Aid me, or he will kill me!" suddenly cried Colonel Guarena, losing all nerve, and as he spoke there was heard the sound of hoof-strokes.

The Monte Prince turned quickly in the direction of the sound, but a cry from Colonel Guarena caused him to spring to his side. Merle had run him through the body to his side.

"Sainted Maria! he has killed me!" groaned the wounded man as the Monte Prince lowered him to the ground.

Merle, the stain from his rapier, Merle faced the Monte Prince:

"Señor, I am at your service now."

As he spoke, a score of *Lanceros* dashed up to the spot, drawing rein in a circle round the dismounted party.

"Seize that murderer, Señor Juárez!" yelled the Monte Prince, in tones of thunder.

A score of lances pointed at the breast of Merle—restraint was vain, and without a word he surrendered himself a prisoner.

Had he known what was to follow, he would have died then and there, with his good rapier in hand, rather than lay down his arms and expect mercy from his captors.

CHAPTER XLV.

BLOOD MONEY.

It was with no little surprise depicted upon his face that Major Real Juárez—for the young man had been promoted to the rank formerly held by Vistal Guarena—gazed upon the scene before him in the gathering twilight.

"Your tardiness, Major Juárez, has caused this. Now make all amends in your power," sternly commanded the Monte Prince.

My delay was unavoidable, Don Felipe; the Senate had recently demanded my presence so I was about to leave the castle; imperial dispatches had arrived from the Capital—is the Governor severely wounded?" and he bent over Vistal Guarena, who was breathing heavily.

Desperately so, I fear. I have stanched the bleeding as well as I can, and I wish you to have me along with all haste to the castle. I will look after this prisoner," and the Monte Prince turned toward Merle.

"Señor, for the present you are a prisoner, and must submit to being ironed."

Merle had spoken, and his wrists were at once encircled by the chisel.

"Now, señor, we will mount and ride on; please take this horse," and the steed of Colonel Guarena was led up. Merle quickly mounted, with the aid of the Monte Prince, who then sprang into his saddle, and followed by a dozen *Lanceros*.

Behind them followed Major Juárez with the wounded Governor, borne upon the lances of the soldiers.

When Merle found himself in the saddle, his first impulse was to dash away, and ride, ironed as he was, into the sea.

But a second thought convinced him that as a stranger he would have no influence there to counteract the power of the Castle's Governor and that of the Monte Prince, who he now knew was all powerful.

He appealed to the United States Consul at Yare Cruz it would have to be in his proper person of Merle Grenville, and under that name he was already outlawed by his Government, and a price set upon his head.

No; he must accept the alternative and trust to fate for escape.

By his side rode the Monte Prince, a smile upon his face, and behind came the *Lanceros*, their lances in rest.

In a short while they drew rein upon the beach where a small boat awaited; it was the intention of the wary gambler to enter the castle by the entrance.

Entering the boat, in which sat two oarsmen in the castle uniform, the Monte Prince and his prisoner were rowed rapidly away, the *Lanceros* returning to join their comrades who carried the wounded Governor.

A short row and the boat touched at the castle stairs; the party disembarked, and were met by a file of soldiers who marched them through a gateway near the bastions.

Captain of the guard, lead this prisoner to one of the cells, and, upon your life, see to it that he escapes not," said the Monte Prince, whose word was law even in that grim old castle.

The young officer addressed saluted politely, and replied:

"Upon my life it is, señor. In the water dungeon, you say?"

"Yes, to one of those beneath the sea?"

"And from him, señor?"

"Assuredly," and the Monte Prince walked away, while Merle was led off to the lowest of the castle dungeons.

Walking into a broad corridor the Monte Prince ascended a stone stairway until he came to a second hallway leading to the left, and this he followed, through innumerable turnings with which he seemed perfectly familiar, until he found himself still surrounded by a score of butchers; the gloom was dispelled by draperies of velvet and satin curtains which but half concealed broad windows.

At a massive mahogany doorway, studded with silver nails, he pulled a bell-cord, and a servant in livery bade him enter.

The Señora Guarena?"

"I will seek her there, now, to with all haste and bid the surgeons of the castle to come hither; then bid the officers to allow no noise about the castle."

"Señor," and the servant, who was a pure Mexican, not of Spanish descent, but one of the race of the Indian Montezumas, darted away upon his errand, while the Monte Prince crossed the gorgeously-furnished apartment, and knocked at an inner door that was ajar.

No voice bade him enter, and he stepped within the room, a crimsoned as half library, half sitting-room, and filled with a lavish display of creature comforts and luxuries.

The room was vacant, but a sweet voice called out from an adjoining *cabinet-de-toilette*.

"It is that you?"

"Lady Guarena, it is your very humble servant, Don Felipe."

The instant she swept into the room a vision of rare loveliness—a woman of eighteen, voluptuous in form, beautiful in face, and a dark olive face tinted with passion, and blue-black masses of hair about her head.

She was exquisitely dressed in canary silk, *en train*, with a tight-fitting *basquina* that fitted her to perfection.

"How good you are, señor!" replied the servant.

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"A good youth enough, and a dashing soldier; but one who has been dimmed in the head by the presence of those who are in the imbecility of this August boy."

"Out upon such ingratitude to the men of Mexico, when a boy, under the basilean eye of a gambler, can rule the *Junta* of the San Juan de Uloa."

"The son of the Duke may be even now dead, and the news of the Señor Rozales may be buried at a corpse," said one of the *Junta*, arising, and interrupting the fiery orator.

"So be it; so much greater the honor to the old castles not to be ruled by a boy."

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CONJUGAL CONJUGATIONS.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Dear maid, let me speak
What I never have spoke,
You have made my heart quake
Which never yet quoke,
And for sight of you both my eyes ache as they
ne'er before oak.

With your voice my ears ring,
And a sweeter ne'er rung,
Like a bird's on the wing
When at morn it has wung,
And gladness to me doth it bring such as never voice
brung.

My feelings I'd write,
But they cannot be wrote,
Ah, who can indite
What was never indite!
And my love I hasten to plight—the first that I've
plote.

Yes, this I would choose,
I long ne'er chose,
And my fond spirit smiles
As it never yet chose,
And ever on thee do I muse as never man mose.

The home where you bide
Is a blessed abode;
Sure, my hopes I can't hide,
For they make me bold,
And no person living has sighed as darling, I've
sod.

Your choices they shine
As no others have shone;
All else I'd resign
That a man could resone,
And surely no other could pine as I lately have pone.

And don't you forget
You ne'er be forgot,
Never should fret
As at times you have fret;
Would chase all the cares that beset if they ever
besot.

For these I would weave
Songs of sadness are weve,
And deuds I'd achieve
Which no man achove,
And for me you never should grieve as for you I
have grove.

For these seas I'd swim
Which no man ever swam,
Your eyes I'd not dim
And your joys I'd not dim
And your face on my heart I would linn as it never
was lame.

I'm as worthy a catch
As ever was caught;
Oh, your answer I watch
As a man never waught,
And we'd make the most elegant match that ever
was caught.

Let my longings not sink;
I would die if I sank;
O'er the world I'd sail
As you never have think,
And our fortunes and lives let us link as no lives
could bulk.

Snow-Shoe Tom:

OR,

The Wild White Woods of Maine.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

III.
**CARIBOU NICK—THE HIBERNACLE AND THE
BEAR-FIGHT.**

WHEN the quartette, gameless, and with the exception of Snow-Shoe Tom, disheartened, returned to the cabin between the two lakes, Chesuncook and Bemadumkok, they found it inhabited by a lank specimen of humanity who, seated upon the three-legged stool, was complaints enjoying a pipe before the fire. "So you missed me," said the joyous whine before the door was opened, and lost no time in throwing himself upon the tenant of the hut. Snow-Shoe Tom at once greeted the man as Caribou Nick, and the three runaways instantly recognized him as the gaunt Indian-fied fellow whom they had met at Mattawamkeag and from whom they had purchased the yellow dog.

Dick Dunkirk cast an evil eye at the dark-faced fellow, whose great hand was fondling the dog in a playful manner, and he recalled the information which the little snow-shoe-maker had lately imparted to the number of times which Caribou had devoured an animal.

"So you missed the king-moose?" said the half-breed, eying the discomfited boys.

"When I see at Mattawamkeag I said to myself: 'Thar's three cases of huck fever anyhow.' Say, how'd you like to try a bear?"

"Amazingly well, sir!" answered Tim, quickly.

"They do say that a bear will cure the buck fever, an' it's Tim O'Raggin who is sufferin' with the same, jest now."

Caribou Nick left the stool and exhibited his great stature to the boys. They had seen him at Mattawamkeag; but he had never looked so tall as he did then. His cap of sable-skin almost touched the ceiling of the snow-shoe-maker's cabin, and he cut a grotesque figure in the fireplace, clad in half-civilized garments trimmed fantastically after the Norridgewock fashion.

"I'll give ye a chance to redeem yourselves," he said, addressing the trio, but at the same time casting a sly glance at Tom. "I guess we kin find a bear for yer amusement."

The prospect of a tussle with the shaggy king of the white woods of Maine delighted the amateur Nimrods who were burning to avenge the defeat in the wooded valley. They clamored to be led upon Bruin; and declared that they would wipe out the stigma that rested upon them by the encounter with the monster.

With their comical chief, Caribou Nick took horse and accidentally discovered a hideaway, sacred to the shaggy monster, during his journey to the cabin, and preparations were at once made for departure.

After a short rest in the cabin, the party set out, guided by the half-breed, at whose heels the moose-dogs trotted with a familiarity which did not please their late purchasers.

Caribou Nick carried an ax on his shoulder, and his long strides bore him rapidly over the whitened ground.

The journey to the hibernacle was not completed until the long streaks of dawn began to illuminate the eye. When the half-breed passed him along the trail of the journey the three boys looked about them surprised. They had expected to be led to a cave, down into which a descent would have to be made, and the bear fought, much after the manner in which Putnam had attacked the wolf.

But they found themselves in the midst of a forest of gigantic trees which had seemingly uplifted the snows of centuries. Above them the white flakes lay on the stately limbs, and the ground was covered to the depth of a foot, or more.

"There's no cave here!" ventured Oscar, looking disappointedly at Caribou Nick.

"Cave," echoed the half-breed. "Who said that? to me? It's true that there's no cave here, but, you see, you're standin' within twenty feet of the b'arf at this moment."

With an exclamation of surprise, which drew a laugh from Snow-Shoe Tom, the boy started back and looked wildly about him.

Dick and Tim were none the less startled.

They could see no traces of the animal to whom they had left the cabin; the only footprints visible in the snow were their own and the dogs'. Beyond them the beautiful white surface was unmarred by a single track. And yet Caribou Nick had affirmed that they were within twenty feet of the bear.

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With an exclamation of surprise, which drew a laugh from Snow-Shoe Tom, the boy started back and looked wildly about him.

Having enjoyed himself at Oscar's fright, Caribou Nick strode up to a large tree which leaned in no artistic manner, and applied an ear to the bark near the root.

The others now hastened up, well knowing

that the half-breed believed the bear to be within. But the three hunters could see no hole at the roots of the tree, and they were again inclined to doubt Nick's sagacity.

"Boys, go up and listen," said Caribou Nick, as he stepped back from the tree and pointed to it.

"Our young friends listened fearlessly to the monotonous sounds and applied their ears to the bark as they had seen the half-breed do.

They were not long in hearing the sound of heavy breathing which appeared to come from the heart of the tree, and stepped back satisfied.

"Hole up thar!" exclaimed Caribou Nick, pointing up among the branches of the tree.

"Bar' go up an' crawl down to his nest. Thar he lay all winter, livin' on his own fat, just like the other b'ars if man let him alone."

"I've read about that; but would never believe it," said Dick Dunkirk.

"They are said to be lazy and poor fighters when they are in this torpid state."

"Won't be lazy by'my," answered Caribou Nick with a living smile. "But now they fight well. Well, try this b'ar; him not been in tree very long."

The half-breed now struck the tree several heavy blows with the ax, and then listened.

The breathings were heavy and regular as before, which showed that the animal had not been roused from his lethargy.

To tell the tree would take a great amount of labor, and Caribou Nick decided to smoke the monster out, a practice in vogue in every country where the grizzly or the black bear is found.

The torch was now lighted, and the half-breed ascended the tree, bearing the torch in his hands. This was not difficult, as the tree's position was far from upright and stately, and in a few minutes' time the flambeau of birch bark, well afire, was dropped into the cavernous opening which the climber found at the main fork.

Then he hastily descended and all backed from the tree, awaited results.

Caribou Nick hardly had reached the ground before a terrible commotion began in the tree. The fire had roused the lord of the forest, and he was uttering hideous growls while he fought the flambeau fiercely. It seemed to the three novices that the would overturn the old tree in his struggles which were enough to shake the snow from the lifeless branches. It came down with a crash, and bounded, like a blanket.

"He's goin' up now! back! back!" suddenly cried Caribou Nick, and the scrambling and scratching told the boys that the enraged beast was ascending to the aperture from which dense volumes of smoke were issuing.

Instantly rifles were made ready, and eyes were fixed intently upon the fork.

"Yonder he is!" suddenly cried several voices, as the ugliest head imaginable appeared in sight, and a gust of wind at that moment blew the smoke away.

There was a wild, fierce gleam in the savage eyes that looked down upon the group before the tree. The bear was mad.

"I'll nail him up for my moose shot now!" ejaculated Dick Dunkirk, lifting his rifle. "I claim the first shot."

"An' ye shall have it," said Caribou Nick. "Aim low, boy—jest under the left eye—an' ye've got 'im!"

Dick tried to obey Caribou's whispered instructions; he took a long, deliberate aim, and touched the trigger. Quickly following came a loud report, and the head, with an angry growl, disappeared.

"Hit!" said the young marksman, triumphantly; but the next moment all heard the startled by the half-breed's cry of "Look out!"

They all look out, as well they should, for a great, shaggy body shot suddenly from the hole, and came down the tree like a huge cannon-ball.

Prone into the snow at the foot of the trunk it fell heavily; but was on his feet in an instant.

"Hit him!" exclaimed Tim, glancing disdainfully at Dick. "An' it's plain as how ye never touched a hair on the baste!"

But Dick was not going to admit that he had made another sorry shot. He saw blood on the snow about the bear; but before he could point to it as an evidence of his shot, the monster bounded forward.

Then came a scattering of besiegers which, to the least was ridiculous.

The three amateurs turned and ran! Oscar, falling over the yellow dog, floundered in the snow, from which the uncouth snow-shoes prevented him from rising at once; and his companions, Dick and Tim, were using their legs to good advantage in opposite directions. The ludicrousness of Oscar's situation occasioned a laugh from Snow-shoe Tom, which tingled the snow-buried boy's cheeks.

Dick Dunkirk looked over his shoulder and saw the little snow-shoe-maker stride straight toward the bear. Caribou Nick was holding the dogs off.

Within twenty feet of the animal, Snow-

Shoe Tom halted and fired almost without taking aim. The bear stopped and rose on his hind feet, while a crimson tide poured from his side. For a moment he stood erect, and then fell over, dying the snow with his blood.

"Hurrah!" shouted Snow-Shoe Tom, and the next moment he sprang forward and alighted on the monster's side. "Victory! and bear-steaks for breakfast!" he continued to cry, waving his dainty coon-skin cap over his head.

Slowly and not a little "cut" over their hasty flight, the three boys came up and congratulated the young slayer.

"Never to run ag'in by the howly spoons ov Monst'r, nev'r!" ejaculated Tim in rich Celtic brogue.

"That's what we all say, Tim!" added Dick.

"'Tis, oh?" put in Caribou Nick. "You can't stick to that talk in these woods!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 471.)

Not Quite a Tramp.

BY EDWARD WILLETT.

"No tramps wanted here, young chap; so you may just jog along."

The speaker was a fine-looking and apparently young gentleman of middle age, who was standing leaning over a gate, looking out on the road. The gate opened on a gravel walk which led up to a two-story cottage house. In front of the house, and at the sides, the ground was overloaded with trees, shrubs and flowering plants, which, to say the least of it, did not show careful tendance. Altogether, it was a bright, cheerful and attractive place.

So thought no doubt, the stranger, whose halt near the gate had provoked Mr. Horton's attention. He was not an ill-looking young man—or boy, for he could not yet be twenty—one—but his clothes were ragged and dirty, his shoes were worn and torn, and his general appearance was unshapely and disreputable.

He had stopped in the road, and had directed, at or all three, a wistful look, which might intimate a wish or an entreaty. It was this look which Mr. Horton had answered, when he addressed the young fellow as a tramp, and advised him to "jog along."

"I am no tramp, sir," replied the stranger.

"You are not? Then your looks surely belie your nature. You can't deny that you have all the symptoms."

"That is true, sir. I know that I am poor and ragged, but I don't consider myself a tramp. I am looking for work."

"That's what they all say. They are all looking for work, and scared to death for fear you will find it. To say that you are looking for work is to advertise the fact that you are a tramp."

"I suppose I must be a tramp, then, but I wish I wasn't."

"Therefore Northwick's assignment, if he has one, will be a forgery, and I shall bring him here and confront him with you."

Mr. Horton was as good as his word, and met the rascally patent agent at the time and place

"I am sure that I am willing to earn my living and anxious to get a chance to do so."

"What sort of work can you do?" asked Mr. Horton. "Everything in general, and nothing in particular?"

"I know that I could put that yard of yours in much better trim than it shows now."

"Humph! That don't offer any opening. The flowers are my wife's pets, and she is like the dog in the manger about them—won't touch them herself, or suffer anybody else to touch them."

"I can draw your portrait, sir," suggested the boy.

"You can? Are you a wandering artist in disguise?"

"I asked you what I can do, and I know that I can do that."

"Any of the tools of that trade?"

"The boy produced from the pocket of his ragged vest some crayons and the stump of a lead pencil.

"All right," said Mr. Horton. "I will try you at your job. Come in."

He opened the gate, and led the way to the house. On the veranda were some chairs, one of which he offered to the boy.

"Want any more tools?" he asked.

"A sheet of drawing-paper, if you have it."

Mr. Horton brought out the required article, clamped upon a board, and also some crayon-holders and a sharp knife.

"I am not an architect," he said, "and keep some things on hand. But hadn't you better save some lunch before you begin this business?"

"I am not so hungry, sir, but that I am willing to earn a meal before I eat it. Will you have the kindness to sit down?"

"Side face, or front?"

"Side face, if you please. I can do that the best."

Mr. Horton seated himself, presenting his profile to the ragged artist, who worked without more ado. His strokes were quick, vigorous and artistic, and in a surprisingly short time a capital sketch of Mr. Horton's head and shoulders appeared on the paper. The boy looked at it closely, and puckered his lips to produce a low and long-drawn whistle.

"I am not ready to pronounce you an angel, young fellow," he said; "but I may truly say that I have entertained a pretty fair artist unawares—the entertainment is yet to come. Here, Emily! Bella! Come out here and witness a new sensation!"

Mrs. Horton hurried out on the piazza, with her young sister Bell and her little girl Lulu, all eagerly asking what was the matter. For answer, Mr. Horton handed his wife the crayon sketch, which was highly successful with starts of surprise and ejaculations of delight.

"What a nice likeness!" exclaimed Mrs. Horton. "Where did it come from?"

"I am as worthy a man as any," said Mr. Horton, seated himself, presenting his profile to the ragged artist, who worked without more ado. His strokes were quick, vigorous and artistic, and in a surprisingly short time a capital sketch of Mr. Horton's head and shoulders appeared on the paper. The boy looked at it closely, and puckered his lips to produce a low and long-drawn whistle.

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